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A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Embellished with Fine Engravings, and Music arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

LAZARILLA, OR THE GIPSEY GIRL.

Imitated from the Spanish.

It was evening. Don Adolar, attended by a single servant, approached the skirts of a forest, in the neighborhood of Toledo. The spot was one of those which lovers would have chosen for their clandestine meetings, combining the wild with the beautiful, the solitude of the desert with the security of a castle. Adolar was dressed in the costume of a Spanish minstrel, with a guitar slung behind him, and Pedrillo, his attendant, wore the dress common to the generality of the peasants of the country. They had no sooner entered the obscurity of the forest, than the sound of a gong was heard. Adolar paused for a moment, in order to discover the direction whence it came, and then commanding Pedrillo to follow him, threaded his way through the entangling briars which interrupted his approach. They soon arrived at a glade in the bosom of the forest, in which the remains of a fire was still slumbering in its embers, surrounded by every appearance indicative of a recent encampment. Adolar stood for a few moments in silent astonishment, wondering at the novelty of the scene, when he was interrupted by Pedrillo, who, after examining the vistas through the neighboring trees, exclaimed,

"Oh—oh—I understand—some of the gipsey folks have been here, and yonder they go towards the castle."

"Towards what castle?" inquired Adolar.

"Why that one, under the balcony of which you offered up your evening devotions last night," answered Pedrillo.

"Are we then so near to it?" said Adolar.

"Certainly," replied Pedrillo; "it is not above a quarter of a mile from the skirts of the wood; but do you know, señor, that I am confoundedly hungry."

"Talk not to me of hunger," exclaimed Adolar, "when I hope to behold her for whom only life is worth possessing."

"Well, I have heard that a hungry dog is sharp sighted," rejoined Pedrillo, "and so I expect you suppose that you will see better for going without your meals."

"None of your jests," retorted Adolar, with a portion of severity that he was seldom accustomed to use towards his attendant, "they but ill suit with my present humor."

"Quite as much so as your humor does with my appetite," returned Pedrillo, with the utmost impudence.

"Well, well," said Adolar, "do you away to the village. I will soon join you at the inn."

"I wish I was in it now," rejoined Pedrillo, "but had you not better go with me?"

Adolar shook his head.

"There is no time like the present," continued Pedrillo; "but to tell you the truth, señor, I have never been able to look at you for the last month without thinking of a camelion, for you live upon air, and change your color almost as often: last week you were a pilgrim, a day or two since you were a forester, and now you are a troubadour."

"Away, sirrah," exclaimed Adolar, "and wait for me at the inn."

"And must my appetite also wait?" inquired Pedrillo.

"Leave me, and do what you please," was the reply.

"One thing I can do," was the ready answer, "but not the other. I can leave you if you please, but I cannot do what I please; for I have no money. The five dollars which you gave me yesterday, were weeded out of me last night by a gipsey girl, even to the very last maravida; so if you would wish me to do what I please, you must please to give me the means to do it with."

"Your extravagance is unbearable," observed Adolar, giving him a piece of silver.

"That is more than your liberality is," rejoined Pedrillo, as he turned the money over in the palm of his hand; "but never mind, this is enough for one day, and to-morrow must provide for itself, so fare thee well, master of mine. I will await for you at the inn."

Saying this, he soon disappeared under the branches of the trees, whereon Adolar turned his steps in the contrary direction, and was immediately followed by a little gipsey, who issued from the shelter of a wood, in the bower of which she had lain secreted during the above conversation.

The castle towards which Adolar had directed his steps, was one of those common in Spain, and had been erected more for the sake of security than beauty. It enclosed within itself all that might be necessary to enable it, in case of extremity, to sustain a siege of some duration, being entirely surrounded by a wall and moat. Over the water hung various balconies and towers, equally adapted for the different purposes of war or peace. The moon had just risen when Adolar appeared beneath its turrets, followed, unknown to him, by the gipsey girl. He had no sooner arrived than he exclaimed,

"Yonder is the terrace on which I last night beheld my lovely Francesca, but she could not possibly recognize me in this disguise. I will endeavor to recall the air which I used to sing to her in the mountains of Andalusia; perhaps it may reach her ear and remind her of her Adolar."

He then struck his guitar, and sung the following song.

I love thee, Francesca—thy tresses of jet,
And the dark glancing light of thine eye,
On my heart an impression of magic hath set,
That will leave thy name there when I die.
But what is mere beauty? The brightness of spring,
Of autumn, when summer's sweet days have gone by;
A flow'ret that once touch'd by Time's blighting wing,
Will be left all neglected to wither and die.

I love thee, Francesca—I doat on thy charms,
But how many love charms like to thine?
How many whom I might enfold in these arms,
And call them this moment all mine?
Yet they have but beauty, the bloom of an hour;
They know not, they feel not the love they impart,
But fade in our arms like a cold, senseless flower,
From its stem torn asunder, and blighted at heart.

I love thee, Francesca—and fondly believe
That my love is as warmly repaid;
Those eyes beaming fondness, they could not deceive,
Some glance had their falsehood betrayed.
Thou shalt be the blossom and I'll be the tree,
And when the cold winter of death shall come o'er,
When its blight, my Francesca, shall fall upon thee,
The tree shall grow sapless and blossom no more.

At the conclusion of the above, the gipsey girl who had, concealed behind a tree, listened with great attention to every word which Adolar had uttered, struck her tambourin, and came dancing towards him. He suddenly turned round and exclaimed,

"Whom have we here?"

"I am called," said she, "Lazarilla. To whom I owe my birth, I know not. I was brought up by a gipsey woman who treated me as her child, and whom I had the misfortune to lose about two months agone. Since then I have seen various changes: sometimes faring well, and sometimes ill: to-day in festivity, to-morrow in misery; but always light-hearted—dancing, singing, beating my tambourin, sounding my castanets and promising good luck to every comer, for which, in return, I get money and good advice. But I am not ungrateful—I prognosticate to the warrior, victory; to the sickly, health; to the maiden, a lover; to the widow, a comforter; to the advocate, a lawsuit; to the avaricious, riches—in short, I scatter around me health, wealth, honor, pleasure, and length of days."

"It is surprising," observed Adolar, "at what an early age you have learnt to profit by the follies of mankind: but here, take this, and leave me."

"Let me first, señor Adolar," said she, as she took the purse, "earn the gift."

"Do you then know me?" inquired Adolar.

"Let me see your hand, señor," said she, taking it, and then looking in his face. "I know that your name is Adolar; that you are in love, and that the hope of seeing your Francesca, brought you to this spot."

"Do you then know who Francesca is?" inquired Adolar.

"She is," said Lazarilla, "a rich and noble orphan, the ward of Don Renuncio de Zapardor, the owner of this castle, who is about to give her hand to a certain Don Antonio."

"Then all my hopes are vain," exclaimed Adolar.

"Why so?" rejoined Lazarilla, "she is not yet married; and if she return your love, and your intentions towards her are honorable, I will endeavor to obtain an interview for you."

"To obtain her hand," replied Adolar, "is the highest object of my wishes; and if you will only be the means of procuring me an interview, there is no reward which I will not readily afford you."

"It is not interest," replied Lazarilla, interrupting him, "which guides me: for I would not, for all the gold in the world, assist you, if I did not think that your intentions towards this maiden were honest and honorable. Do you then return to your servant at the village, and leave me to arrange my plans. You need rest and refreshment, and the sooner you take them both the better, for you must meet me here with the first dawn, as soon as the shepherd's star glitters in the sky."

"Farewell then, my little friend," ejaculated Adolar, "and may heaven aid and protect you."

On this Adolar returned to the village, and Lazarilla to join her companions.

Mischief seldom sleeps well, and thus it was with Don Zapardor and Don Antonio, who, without any preconcerted plans, found themselves up and in the garden long before the sun had risen.

"Good morning to thee, señor," exclaimed Zapardor, as he entered the garden and perceived Antonio. "I am glad I have met with you thus early, for I have been ruminating nearly all night on our projects. And though you have done much in securing your uncle on his return from America, I have my doubts as to the fate of his daughter Maria, who, were she to make her appearance, would deprive you of all title to your uncle's estates."

Ere Antonio had time to reply, Lazarilla entered the garden and secretly approached a grotto flanked with stone seats on either side, and therein secreted herself.

"I must own," observed Antonio, "that the fear of Maria's reappearance has sometimes crossed my mind, but I think that there cannot be the shadow of danger as long as my uncle is an inmate in yonder tower, for no other person would be enabled to identify her."

"You are right," replied Zapardor; "but Alvarez has a friend more powerful, and therefore more dangerous than himself. I mean the viceroy. Now the grand inquisitor is anxious to remove the scandal which his appointment to the supreme power has occasioned. The viceroy has therefore been secretly tried, found guilty, excommunicated, and sentenced to death. Nor will the execution be much longer delayed; but zeal is sometimes obliged to give way to prudence. Know farther, the grand inquisitor has judged you worthy of being the means of delivering Spain from the power of this exalted criminal; obey, and the hand of Francesca, the ward of the viceroy elect, shall be yours; for it was to me that all Spain looked up when the intrigues of Alziras obtained for him that power which by right ought to have been mine. Yet it heeds not for the past: when Alziras falls, Zapardor will succeed him. Nay, answer not, but mark me. The secrets of the holy office must not be known to its enemies. At least while they have their liberty and the means of scandalizing the performances of its duties. Therefore, now I have informed you of their decision, if you will not be their friend, they will not let you live to be their enemy. But still there is no necessity that you should yourself be the executioner: there are a hundred bravos in Toledo, that for a little hire would do your duty. So that it be done, it matters not how it is done. Let the duke fall, and Francesca shall be yours. He is hourly expected at Toledo. He is fond of hunting. The darkness of a forest might afford the means of completing our wishes; but that heeds not; if one occasion does not offer, we must make another. There is not a moment to be lost: away and prepare for his reception. You have heard my determination. I will now listen to no reply."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lazarilla, as she came forth from her hiding-place, as soon as Zapardor and Antonio had departed, "what villanous projects have I overheard! The danger to which the viceroy is exposed, must be immediately warded off, and I will then endeavor to obtain the release of this villain's uncle from yonder tower. But I must away, or I shall be too late for my appointment with Adolar; he might be able to assist me in warning the viceroy of his danger."

Adolar was, as Lazarilla expected, at the appointed place long before she arrived, awaiting her coming with the utmost anxiety. His first question was to inquire about Francesca, but as soon as Lazarilla made him acquainted with the danger to which the viceroy was exposed, he informed her that Don Alziras was his father, whom he had offended, and was thus compelled to keep himself unknown. He immediately sent off Pedrillo to Toledo, and learnt that his father was hourly expected, and that he had appointed to hunt by torch-light, in Zapardor's forests, on the approaching night. This, from the conversation which Lazarilla had overheard, she knew would be the time chosen for his assassination, and it was therefore arranged that Adolar and Andreas, a favorite companion of Lazarilla, would watch the motions of Zapardor and Antonio. In the meantime, Lazarilla undertook to obtain the release of the prisoner in the tower, and to endeavor to prevail upon Francesca to leave the castle of Zapardor.

As was expected, the viceroy arrived, and the hunting tents were pitched on the skirts of the forest, at a short distance from the castle of Zapardor. As soon as this circumstance became known to Adolar, he, with Andreas, repaired to a spot, which they had previously selected, and whence they might discern every person who came out of the castle of Zapardor. After waiting for nearly an hour, he saw a figure enveloped in a large mantle pass the draw-bridge, and immediately plunge into the deepest recesses of the forest. They followed him to a spot where two men appeared to be waiting his coming.

"Now, my friends," said he, as soon as he came up to them, "the chace has commenced; it therefore remains for you to seek an opportunity of fulfilling your mission. But, hark! some one approaches. Hide yourselves, it may perhaps be the viceroy himself."

Antonio immediately retired, and the two men had no sooner

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hidden themselves behind some bushes, than the viceroy, with a rifle in his hand, entered without any attendant. The two bravos immediately rushed upon him, and wrested the rifle from his hand, when Adolar and Andreas made their appearance. Thereon the assassins took to flight, and were pursued by Adolar and his companion. The viceroy had scarcely had time to recover himself from the confusion which this sudden attack occasioned, when some of his guards and attendants came up, and among others, señor Zapardor, who coolly asked,

"What may have happened to your highness?"

"Two bravos have just attempted to assassinate me; and, had it not been for the arrival of two strangers, they would have completed their purpose. Away, gentlemen, down yonder pathway. My protectors, for they have followed the villains, may perhaps need assistance. If you discover them bring them hither, that I may reward them according to their deserts."

No sooner had three or four of the viceroy's suit followed the path which he had pointed out to them, than Lazarilla made her appearance, attended by Alziras and Francesca. She exclaimed as she approached,

"I have brought to your highness an unfortunate man, who is not, I believe, utterly unknown to you, Don Alziras."

"Is it possible," said the viceroy, "that this can be my friend Alziras?"

"It is," replied the latter, "but too true. I had no sooner escaped from the dungeons of the inquisition, than I fell into those of the barbarous Zapardor, whence this dear child has just effected my deliverance; yes, this little gipsey girl, who, by the kind interposition of Providence turns out to be my long-lost daughter, my Maria! Her age, the resemblance which she bears to her mother, the time when and the place where she was lost and found, a medal which was around her neck, all prove to me that this is my long-lost daughter!"

"And where," cried the viceroy, "is my poor child? But did you say, my friend, that your captivity originated with Don Zapardor?"

"I did say so," replied Alziras; "but I was waylaid and delivered up to him by my nephew Antonio."

"Nor is this all, your highness," added Lazarilla, "for this Zapardor instigated Antonio to attempt the life of your highness, and the two assassins, from whose daggers you have just escaped, were hired by him for that purpose. The plot I overheard, and communicated to Don Adolar, who was one of those who preserved your life."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the viceroy, "I know him now; it was—it was my son; and why is he not here, that I may once more take him to my heart!"

He had scarcely uttered this exclamation, when Adolar entered, and was about to throw himself at his father's feet; but he caught him in his arms, and enfolded him to his bosom. Antonio had, in the meantime, rushed to the assistance of the assassins, whereby he received a wound from Adolar, which had caused his death. Zapardor was exiled, and Adolar blest with the hand of his beloved Francesca. Lazarilla was married to Andreas, who turned out to be a nobleman's son, who had, for the love of Lazarilla, forsaken his father's house and joined the gipseys.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REVERIES BY NIGHT.

What a lovely night! I cannot conceive two rivals more equally invested with charms of an opposite description, than a quiet, moonlight night, and a blossomy, fragrant, rich, dewy, still morning in June. For my part, I have ever found the former more tempting to the feet, more soothing to the imagination. I am even now touched by the delicious spell. I have roamed alone over the silent pavements, admiring the depth of shadows which the long wall of buildings casts broadly and with unequal outline upon the street, and the inexpressibly charming and mellow floods of light which the moon is pouring on the opposite side, softly sleeping, like a smile, on the lovely scene. Then moonlight is so exquisite in its picturesque effects—so magical and *subduing*. Every thing that is touched by it is, etherealized and elevated and softened. Beautiful objects are invested with higher beauty—grandeur rises to sublimity, and sublimity oppresses the mind with a heavy weight of admiration. Whoever looks at yonder church with deep porticos, lofty columns, and high flight of steps, will perceive what I am endeavoring to describe—the wonderful character of poetry which moonlight sheds upon the images of a landscape. The shadows falling at angles across the building—the gleaming light which streams down on the whole—strike the eye and the mind with unusual force. Have you ever been in the woods by moonlight? A scene always so full of romantic picturesqueness—the old heavy knotted vines, twisted and intertwined with each other, like anacondas—the fresh roof of green-leaved branches, and the tall trees, with all their variety—the straight, slender sapling, that rises like a graceful girl—the immense oaks, striking their gnarled roots far and wide, and heaving abroad their sinewy arms like giants—the old stumps—the bowers—the verdant glades—ravines—valleys and other recesses which awaken one's rapture so often, in a forest ramble; and then, peradventure, the brook—that beautiful roamer of the wood—that ever sweet and joyous daughter of the hill—leaping and singing for ever and ever in its fairy journey—taking every shape and form to please the most sportive imagination—now lapsing like liquid glass, then foaming with mimic fury—now winding with noiseless tread by emerald banks, and fringed with flowers; now bubbling on stones, now pouring in a tiny cataract, and now sleeping in a silver lake. These images, always so grateful to the imagination, become, in the mellow moonlight, positively gifted with a fairy beauty; and the rover through a wood, under a bright summer moon, must feel himself drinking in true inspiration at every step. How perfectly still: how hushed is all around, but for the brook and the catydid, and the distant frog and tree-toad. In the shades, how mildly the floating fire-flies flash, gleaming so strangely with their moving red light in the pale moonbeams; and how the light pours itself along the carpet of the wood, marking it with various shadows, and falling through the branches and every little opening of the trees, till it is all over sprinkled with the richest and loveliest of lustre. Then the sky at night! What a wonder; what a boundless profusion of magnificence. To what a stupendous elevation it works up the mind! There is no object in all creation, accessible to human eyes, half so immense in its wonders and splendors, half so calculated to lift the soul from earth, as the moon and sky at night, when the clouds are not so many as to obscure the gaze. Reflect upon it, dear reader, when next you look upon its blue tremulous bosom. Forget the last jam, the new opera, the contemplated excursion to the country, and *feel* what it is which overhangs you. That azure vault is *endless* distance. That silver spotted circle—those gems flashing in clusters—they are worlds, habitable worlds, suns, systems, created by the same hand which moulded thy pliant limbs, and gave thee eyes to regard, and mind to wonder at them. The beautiful earth on which thou creepest, a feeble evanescent insect, is nothing to these. It might be rent apart, and with all human pride and power be in an instant destroyed, yet this same star-paved road of heaven would be shining thus still and splendid.

I never, in my life, since I can recollect, looked upon that sight without an involuntary elevation of mind. It never failed to strike me with holy awe; to overwhelm me with calm but oppressive wonder. In my lightest moments it has cast its spell on me, and touched me with sudden thought and silence, even when I have been roaming forth in mirth, with the young and lively. I remember one night at the theatre there was a riot; an unpopular performer was hissed by one party and supported by another. The house was excessively crowded, and it seemed with actual demons—such shouting, screaming, shrieking, yelling and whooping—such swearing, cursing, quarreling and deadly blasphemous imprecations—such struggling, fighting, and diabolical passions were exhibited, that at length, wearied and disgusted, with a depressed heart and throbbing temples, half suffocated with the heated and smoky air, rendered more close and nauseous by the unusual crowd, I made my way to the saloon, and leaned from the window. The effect which the sight of the heavens had on me, I shall never forget. The deep pervading hushed stillness; the calm, holy light and order and beauty reigning there; the round moon, with a flashing diamond riding by her side, and the clusters of other large and trembling stars glimmering along that azure tide, through the slowly moving silver clouds, all combined to charm me forth from the loathsome revel within. I stole out alone, and drank in the fresh air like new wine. There was a pale light in the east before I tore myself away. Nothing is more beautiful than moonlight loneliness in a city. SEDLEY.

THE BAPTISM.

It was the sultry hour of noon. The leaves
Hung almost motionless upon the branch
That drooped, as it were faint, beneath the sun's
Fierce power. From the high hills, where fiery rays
Burned the unsheltered earth, the weary flocks
Came down into the quiet vales, and stood
In the cool places to allay their thirst,
From streams whose running waters murmuring
Refreshed the heated air. The shepherd lay
Upon his grassy couch, beneath the shade
Of some o'erarching bough, and so beguiled
The tedious hour with his rude lay of love.

The corn was ripe. That beauteous morn had seen
The yellow grain spread to the rising sun
By groups of joyous reapers; but their toil
Was for a while suspended. They had laid
Their sickles down, and sought the gushing spring,
Whose verdant brink allured them to repose.

The Jordan's waters slept—and not a wave
Washed on its flowery bank; and o'er its breast,
Which like a sheet of gold lay in the heat
Of noontide, and reflected every beam
With dazzling brilliancy, the stirring breeze,
That bore a freshness scarce perceptible,
So lightly passed, it rippled not the stream,
Nor shook the slumbering quiet of the leaves
And flowers that grew along the river's marge.

The Savior journeyed on. He had not stopped
Since early morn to rest his weary limbs
Beneath delightful shades, nor often turned
From off his sunny path; save when athirst
The gushing of a brook in some lone spot
Fell sweetly on his ear, inviting thus
To stay his footsteps by its plashing waves,
And lave his burning lips. He tarried not
Beside the crystal waters, but again
Resumed his toilsome way, as if his long
Hot task were but a pleasant wandering
The sun hath sunken low behind the hills,
Whose shadows stretch far o'er the spicy fields,
And darken the deep valleys, where the flocks
Have gathered for repose. The air is fresh
As morning ere the orient be tinged
With gold; and it is redolent of flowers,
And frankincense, and myrrh, and passeth o'er
Wide orchards of pomegranates, bearing thence
A perfume, mingling with the fragrant breath
Of ripen'd grain. It is the time when from
The harvesting the reapers leave the field,
And wend their homeward way. The deep blue sky
Is pure as if there ne'er had been a cloud
Upon the face of heaven; it is so calm,
And so exceedeth nature's fairest mood,
That not the first blue arch, which brightly shone
On Eden's paradise was lovelier.

John standeth patiently on Jordan's bank.
He holdeth in his hand a staff pluck'd from
The wilderness, and leaneth for support,
Like one fatigued with tiresome journeying.
He hath unloosed the leathern zone, and cast
Aside his raiment of the camel's hair,
As if to woo the kisses of the breeze
That stirs the tresses of his unshorn hair.
He doth await his Master's presence there;
And hath looked back to the far hills, o'er which
The way-path leadeth up to Galilee,
To mark the Savior's coming; and at length,
Descrieth him afar, descending slow
The green declivity that slopeth down
The distant mountain to the river's edge.
John lingereth not, but like a gladsome child,
That bounds away to greet its coming sire,
He hastens forth elate with reverent joy
To meet the Son of God.

They stand upon
The Jordan's golden sands, and where the clear
Blue stream flows with a gentle swell, and makes
The water murmur with a pleasant sound,
Inviting the warm bather to its cool
Refreshing depths, the shore goes down into
The crystal element, there Jesus' form
Is bowed beneath the waves. The calm bright heavens
Unfold their broad blue canopy, while from
Th' invisible world God's spirit like a dove
Descendeth, shrouded in a cloud of pure,
Unspotted brilliancy, whence speaketh thus
A voice, unlike the tones of earth, and heard
Alone in Eden, and by holy men,
To whom His will was spoken—"This is my
Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." W. H. W.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

To the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

Gentlemen—I have been reading the Alhambra, in common with many thousands, and am wonderfully pleased with the simplicity, grace, and elegance of the style. I am charmed with the description of the birds in the story called the Pilgrim of Love, in the second volume. It is indeed a lively transcript of nature, and truly witty and satirical. Many of the gentle strokes of humor are really delightful, as are also the little sententious remarks and off-handed similes with which the author's writings abound. I send you a few sentences which I have marked with my pencil as I read. As they are very brief, I hope you will admit them into the Mirror, and oblige your old correspondent PORTIA.

Ruined mansion.—I have often observed that the more proudly a mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the humbler are the inhabitants in the day of its decline; and that the palace of the king commonly ends in being the resting-place of the beggar.

The rich and poor.—There are two classes of people to whom life seems one long holiday, the very rich and the very poor; one because they need do nothing, the other because they have nothing to do.

Spanish indolence.—Give a Spaniard the shade in summer, and the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil, and garbanzos, an old brown cloak, and a guitar, and let the world roll on as it pleases.

Spain.—The moment it escapes from cultivation, the desert and the garden are ever side by side.

Love of nature among the spaniards.—I have often remarked the sensibility of the common people of Spain to the charms of natural objects. The lustre of a star, the beauty or fragrance of a flower, the crystal purity of a fountain, will inspire them with a kind of poetical delight.

Funeral in the night.—The torch-light was perfectly ghastly, as it revealed the countenance of the corpse, which, according to a Spanish custom, was borne uncovered on an open bier.

Matrimony.—He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck.

A good husband.—Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars; and, however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

Comfortable refreshment.—Dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

Man's love.—What is the love of restless, roving man? A vagrant stream, that dallies for a time with each flower upon its bank, then passes on and leaves them all in tears.

PASSION MORE INFLUENTIAL THAN DUTY.—The plans of a lover are promptly executed.

WITS.—Wits have a great dislike to labor.

A BRUNETTE.—It is true, her complexion was tinged by the ardor of a southern sun; but it was to give richness to the mantling bloom of her cheek, and to heighten the lustre of her melting eyes.

WOMAN'S SHIELD.—The artless maiden, in her own modesty and innocence, had guardians more effectual than the bolts and bars prescribed by her vigilant aunt.

ANOTHER.—Nature had set up a safeguard in her face, that forbade all trespass upon her premises; but ladies who have least cause to fear for themselves are most ready to keep watch over their more tempting neighbors.

FAMILY GROUPE.—The niece had been transferred to the guardianship of her aunt, under whose overshadowing care she vegetated in obscurity, like an opening rose blooming beneath a briar.

PROGRESS OF THE SEASONS.—The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumnal rains descended in torrents from the mountains, the Sierra Nevada became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra.

LUTE PLAYING.—She drew forth such ravishing tones as to thaw even the frigid bosom of the immaculate Fredegonda, that region of eternal winter, into a genial glow.

[Translated from the Italian of Cesare Ripa, for the New-York Mirror.]

MORAL EMBLEMS.

PLENTY.—A beautiful woman, crowned with a garland, dressed in a green embroidered gown, and holding a cornucopia in her right hand, and a sheaf composed of ears of corn, bunches of grapes, &c. in her left.

The garland denotes cheerfulness and mirth that inseparably accompany her. The cornucopia and sheaf are emblems of the affluence of all things necessary to human life.

IDLENESS.—An old hag clothed in rags, with her head covered with a black cloth, sitting in a careless posture upon a stone; her left hand, of which the elbow rests upon the knee, supports her reclining head; her right hand holds a torpedo. The motto is *"torpet iners."*

She is described old, because at that age strength and activity begin to fail; her rags denote that idleness produces poverty; the black cloth about her head signifies her senseless thoughts; the torpedo, which is a fish that even if only touched with a cord or stick, so benumbs the hand that it is unfit for any business, shows her sloth and aversion to labor, as intimated by the motto.

FLATTERY.—A woman dressed in an affected habit, playing upon a flute, a bee-hive is placed at her side, and a buck is sleeping at her feet.

The buck denotes flattery, because he is so charmed with music that he lets himself be taken. The bees are true emblems of the same, for they carry honey as well as a sting.

DESPAIR.—A sorrowful looking man, clothed in a black ragged garment; he holds back the covering from his breast with both his hands, and gazes upon his heart, which is encompassed with serpents.

The raggedness of his garment shows that he undervalues and neglects himself. His open breast, and the serpents, denote the trouble and vexation of worldly things, which are always gnawing the heart.

AGRICULTURE.—A woman with a homely rustic face, but comely notwithstanding! clothed in a green gown, and crowned with a garland, composed of ears of corn. She holds the zodiac in her left hand, and a flowering shrub in her right; a ploughshare lies at her feet.

The verdant robe signifies hope, without which no person would labor. The twelve signs declare the different seasons, which the tiller ought to observe; the plough, is the most useful instrument in agriculture.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

SCENE—*A room in antique taste, with folding doors and bay-windows; a harp and piano-forte. Emma alone, in a neat provincial dress of the Tyrolean border country.*

SONG.

Emma. Still his image hovers round me,
Meets me still where'er I stray;
Oh what magic spell hath bound me,
Driven the power of flight away?
Why does memory fondly treasure
Hopes that never must be mine?
Why recall those dreams of pleasure,
That o'er me no more may shine?
Still e'en now would I disenable,
From my heart my thoughts still hide;
But 'tis vain, my limbs all tremble,
Duty sinks 'neath love's deep tide.

Emma. He comes again! I must recall my spirits.
Emma, thou art the servant, he the master.
Remember not what he has been to thee.
But what thou art to him.

Enter Julius, whom she endeavors to escape.

Jul. Does Emma fly me!
What have I done to merit this reception?
Tell me, has childhood's playmate, youth's companion,
No claim, no title to a kinder greeting?

Emma. Count.

Jul. How have I from thee deserved this coldness?
Count! Is it thus that Emma greets her Julius?

Emma. You find a meaning in my words, which I
Ne'er placed thereon; for you were always kind,
Nor ever sought o'er me to play the master.
Believe me, then, I meant not to offend.

Jul. Whence is this coldness of thy words and manners?
Where is the confidence that once could pour
Our hearts' free thoughts into each other's bosoms?
Whence is this change? speak, speak?

Emma. Oh, lock thy mem'ry!
Forget the time when we, like innocent flowers,
Nursed by the morning dews of life's first spring,
Unfolded to each other's gaze the blossoms
Of every thought, that budded in our hearts.
That time has passed away, those flowers have withered,
Or to each other would impart but poison.

Jul. Nay, tell me what has thus disturbed the current
Of thoughts that once together flowed so purely?

Emma. You have become the master, I the servant.

Jul. Ere I, some five years since, did join my regiment,
Did we not interchange our mutual vows
Of love eternal and of constancy.

Emma. We did, but rash vows ne'er should be fulfilled.

Jul. Oh, I to thee have kept mine still unchanged,
Though beauty's daughters, with love-beaming glances,
Have wooed me; though my comrade's taunting jests
Have striven to change my silent heart's religion,
And rob me of the faith I vowed to thee.
Yet thy pure image was my shield: I thought
Of thee, and thus the stormy world's wide waves
Against my heart's fidelity were broken.
When discord spread around, when glory's temple
In thunders opened wide, and for its heroes
My country loudly called, then I was with them.
I fought, I bled—this cross was my reward;
And when my name was ranked among the brave
Who saved their country, then I thought of thee,
And hoped thy heart would proudly beat to hear
The deeds that crowned thy lover's name with glory.
That thought was dearer to my heart than honor,
And louder than the praises of my triumph.

Emma. Oh heaven, look down, and nerve my heart with firmness!

Jul. When peace returned, to thee I flew; for love
Lent wings unto my courser's speed, and strength
To me: no rest I knew nor night nor day,
But deemed delay a robbery on life's spring.
I came: a glance restored exhausted nature,
For in that glance love beamed with all its splendor.
But the first greeting o'er, in vain I sought thee;
The gleam of light, that seemed the dawn of day,
Has settled down into the depth of night.

Emma. Oh do not, count, thus read my soul with anguish.

Jul. Methought at first it was my parent's presence,
Who knew not of our heart's pure union, darkened
Love's dawn; but now we are alone, and yet
Mine Emma flies th' embraces of her Julius.

Emma. Oh, this is more than mortal heart can bear!
Do not despise me if thy passionate words
O'er-mate my strength, nor scorn me though the visions
That memory wakes master my heart's endurance.
Leave me, then; leave me.

Jul. (*pressing her in his arms.*) Emma, none beholds us,
And yet thou fain wouldst hurry from my presence.

Emma. Have pity on me, count, nor break a heart
That love and sorrow have already blighted.

Jul. Oh, thou dost shun me now as eagerly
As thou were wont to seek; let not restraint
Thus overcast the morning of our love.

Emma. Nay, call it not restraint, for it is duty.

Jul. Then lov'st me still; and though thy lips conceal it,
'Tis glancing in thine eyes; "break not a heart
That love and sorrow have already blighted."
Those were thy words.

Emma. Oh yes, they were; and would
To heaven that I felt not their bitter import!

Jul. If joy or comfort thou wouldst see, behold
In me a friend whose heart and hand would serve thee.

Emma. But I from thee can never hope assistance.

Jul. And why? Perchance, thou fear'st my parents' anger
Would light upon our love, but there you wrong them;
The weeds of prejudice could ne'er take root
Within their noble hearts. Have we not shared
An equal love together?

Emma. Oh yes, I own it;
The child's adoption shared a child's caresses;
But now our fates must sunder us for ever.
Thou art the heir of noble ancestry,
I the poor daughter of a forester.

Jul. Think not thus meanly of thyself.

Emma. I must,
Or others would think meanly of me.
Shall I, by tearing from thy parents' arms
A son, on whom their every hope is fixed,
With black ingratitude reward that love
Which sheltered me in helpless infancy?
No, no, I was not born for that high state,
To which thy love would raise me; no, my home
Is 'neath a cottage, and the massy walls
Of this high castle press upon my heart.
If love can give thee courage to o'erleap
The barrier custom has around thee spread,
Then gratitude shall nerve my arm with courage
To bar the gates which fortune opes before me. [*Exit Emma.*

Enter Rudolph.

Rud. The horn is sounding for the chase.

Jul. I follow. [*Exit Rudolph.*
Now she is gone, and absence o'er my soul
Comes like a dark cloud o'er the midnight moon,
To him who sees its glory on the mountains,
While he roams darkling through the vale below.
But let me hence, and strive in gloomy forests
To lose myself, and find the peace I've lost [*Exit.*

FINE ARTS.

GREENOUGH'S CHANTING CHERUBS.

Two communications have been received on this subject, begging us to solicit public attention to these exquisite specimens of sculpture, from the chisel of our countryman, Greenough. This we have done several times before, but very cheerfully comply with the wishes of our correspondents in again expressing our admiration of this group, as a specimen of art probably never surpassed by any American, and which has a strong claim upon the liberal bounty of the community. We insert the remarks of D. and freely acquiesce in their truth.—*Eds. N. Y. Mirror.*

GENTLEMEN—Nothing is more common than for us to boast of an ardent zeal for the promotion of the fine arts in this country, and of the progress which we have made towards the power of producing, from our own native resources, those elegant embellishments of life. It is not, however, my opinion, that we are yet advanced much beyond the incipient steps in this career, which may, to be sure, hereafter be brilliant. My reasons for saying so at the present time are, that poetry, painting, music and sculpture, all receive less encouragement and notice than they deserve, and than are necessary to their development and reward. There is too much mechanical calculation on these subjects. There is a too unrepressed eagerness to read horrific stories, to behold striking sights, and to enjoy the marvellous. Simplicity does not yet charm as it should. Calvin Edson, the living skeleton—a giant—a dwarf—these seldom fail to obtain a profuse patronage; but a book of sweet poetry lies on the publisher's shelves, and a charming picture is too often known only to artists and a small circle of amateurs. The highest order of music receives less applause than noisy chorusses or comic songs; and I suspect a play actor who should stop at propriety and nature in his representations, would be considered, by the greater portion of the audience, but a dull fellow.

An evidence of the truth of these facts may be found in the fate of the Chanting Cherubs. There is every reason why we Americans should visit this group. In the first place, it is intrinsically and exquisitely beautiful; a chaste and delicate piece of work; and all, capable of *feeling* the power of art, must derive sincere gratification from an examination of it. Secondly, it was executed by a gifted and youthful artist, who is dependent upon his labors, not only for advancement in life, but for his actual support, and the necessary means of improving—perhaps of continuing—in his profession. Thirdly, this artist is an *American*, toiling in a foreign clime, and cheered by the hope of encouragement and assistance from his countrymen. D.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"SWALLOW BARN" is the title of a work published not long since, by Carey and Lea of Philadelphia, and, as we perceive, noticed by very few of our contemporaries of the editorial corps. Nevertheless, we are greatly mistaken if it does not merit a very distinguished place among the attempts to delineate the scenery, manners and character of various portions of this country. The author has given one of the freshest, most natural, and agreeable sketches of a group of characters, living in the neighborhood, and frequenting the hospitable board of the proprietor of Swallow Barn, in "Old Virginia," that we have ever seen. The personages introduced are drawn with great truth and nature; the little incidents and events which serve to illustrate them, are apt, and brought about in the most natural way; and the style is remarkably pure and unaffected English. We cannot but predict a warm reception of this work among all persons who have not lost their relish for nature and probability, as well as all those who can properly estimate the beauties of simplicity in thought and expression. There are no marvels in the book, except it may be the marvellous absence of every thing out of the way or impossible.

NEW MAP OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.—We have before us a new map, just published by David H. Burr. It is a correct representation of this city from the Battery to Thirty-fourth street, embracing Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. This is the first we have seen, affording an accurate idea of the numerous alterations which the town has undergone during the last several years. Of these, by far the most important is that connecting Broadway with the Fourth-Avenue, as originally proposed in this journal. We have here a wide spacious thoroughfare, in nearly a direct line, *nine miles long!* three of which run through the centre of the most thickly populated and fashionable part of the city. We take to ourselves no little credit for this improvement, and have but one more suggestion to urge on the subject: the whole distance from the Battery to Harlem river should be known but by the single appellation of BROADWAY. The good effect of this must be obvious. When this street is completed, it may challenge competition with any in the world. On this excellent and beautifully colored map, may be found all the new and proposed squares. It is surrounded by fourteen engraved views of various striking parts of the metropolis, very prettily executed—some of them by Smillie. The whole is neatly framed, and forms a picture at once extremely useful and highly ornamental. There is not a merchant, lawyer, doctor, or indeed any man of business in the city, who should not embellish his counting-room or study with one of these elegant publications.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

NUMBER TWENTY.

General Bertrand—Friend of Lady Morgan—Phrenology—Dr. Spurzheim—His lodgings—Process of taking a cast of the head—Incarceration of Dr. Bowring and De Potter—David the sculptor—Visit of Dr. Spurzheim to the United States.

My room-mate called a day or two since on General Bertrand, and yesterday he returned the visit, and spent an hour at our lodgings. He talked of Napoleon with difficulty, and became very much affected when my friend made some inquiries about the safety of the body at St. Helena. The inquiry was suggested by some notice we had seen in the papers of an attempt to rob the tomb of Washington. The general said that the vault was fifteen feet deep, and covered by a slab that could not be moved without machinery. The mind of the venerable old man is evidently giving way. He has shown this often of late in the chamber of deputies, of which he is a member. He told us that Madame Bertrand had many mementos of the emperor, which she would be happy to show us, and we promised to visit him.

At a party, a night or two since, I fell into conversation with an English lady, who had lived several years in Dublin, and was an intimate friend of Lady Morgan. She was an uncommonly fine woman, both in appearance and conversational powers, and told me many anecdotes of the authoress, defending her from all the charges usually made against her, except that of vanity, which she allowed. I received, on the whole, the impression that Lady M.'s goodness of heart was more than an offset to her certainly very innocent weaknesses. My companion was much amused at an American's asking after the "fender in Kildare-street;" though she half withdrew her cordiality when I told her I knew the countryman of mine who wrote the account of Lady Morgan, of which she complains so bitterly in the "Book of the Boudoir." It was this lady with whom the fair authoress "dined in the *Chaussee d'Antin*," so much to her satisfaction.

While we were conversing, the lady's husband came up, and finding I was an American, made some inquiries about the progress of *phrenology* on the other side of the water. Like most enthusiasts in the science, his own head was a remarkably beautiful one; and I soon found that he was the bosom friend of Dr. Spurzheim, to whom he offered to introduce me. We made an engagement for the next day, and the party separated.

My new acquaintance called on me the next morning, according to appointment, and we went together to Dr. Spurzheim's residence. The passage at the entrance was lined with cases, in which stood plaster casts of the heads of distinguished men, orators, poets, musicians; each class on its particular shelf, making altogether a most ghastly company. The doctor received my companion with great cordiality, addressing him in French, and changing to very good German-English, when he made any observation to me. He is a tall, large-boned man, and resembles Harding the American artist, very strikingly. His head is finely marked, his features are bold, with rather a German look; and his voice is particularly winning, and changes its modulations in argument from the deep, earnest tone of a man, to an almost child-like softness. The conversation soon turned upon America, and the doctor expressed, in ardent terms, his desire to visit the United States, and said he had thought of accomplishing it the coming summer. He spoke of Dr. Channing, said he had read all his works with avidity and delight, and considered him one of the clearest and most expansive minds of the age. If Dr. Channing had not strong developments of the organs of *ideality* and *benevolence*, he said, he should doubt his theory more than he had ever found reason to. He knew Webster and Professor Silliman, by reputation; and seemed to be familiar with our country, as few men in Europe are. One naturally, on meeting a distinguished phrenologist, wishes to have his own developments pronounced upon; but I had been warned by my friend, that Dr. Spurzheim refused such examinations as a general principle, not wishing to deceive people, and unwilling to run the risk of offending them. After a half-hour's conversation, however, he came across the room, and putting his hands under my thick masses of hair, felt my head closely all over, and mentioned at once a quality, which, right or wrong, has given a tendency to all my pursuits in life. As he knew, absolutely, nothing of me, and the gentleman who introduced me knew no more, I was a little startled. The doctor then requested me to submit to the operation of having a cast taken of my head, an offer which was too kind and particular to be declined; and, appointing an hour to be at his rooms the following day, we left him.

I was there again at twelve the morning after, and found De Potter the Belgian patriot, and Dr. Bowring, with the phrenologist, waiting to undergo the same operation. The preparations looked very formidable. A frame, of the length of the human body, lay in the middle of the room, with a wooden bowl to receive the head, a mattress, and a long white dress to prevent stain to the clothes. As I was the youngest, I took my turn first. It was very like a preparation for being beheaded. My neck was bared, my hair cut, and the long white dress put on. The back of the head is taken first; and, as I was only immersed up to the ears in the liquid plaster, this was not very alarming. The second part, however, demanded more patience. My head was put once more into the stiffened mould of the first half, and as soon as I could get my features composed I was ordered to shut my eyes; my hair was oiled and laid smooth, and the liquid plaster poured slowly over my mouth, eyes, and forehead, till I was cased completely in a stiffening mask. The material was then poured on thickly, till the mask was two or three inches thick, and the voices of those standing over me were scarcely audible. I breathed pretty freely through the two small orifices at my nose; but the dangerous experiment of Mademoiselle Sontag, who was nearly smothered in the same operation, came across my mind rather vividly; and it seemed to me that the doctor handled the plaster quite too ungingerly, when he came to mould about my nostrils. After a half-hour's imprisonment, the plaster became sufficiently hardened, and the thread which was laid upon my face was drawn through, dividing the mask into two parts. It was then gradually removed, pulling very tenaciously upon my eye-lashes and eye-brows, and leaving all the cavities of my face filled with particles of lime. The process is a tribute to vanity, which one would not be willing to pay very often.

I looked on at Dr. Bowring's incarceration with no great feeling of relief. It is rather worse to see than to experience, I think. The poet is a nervous man; and as long as the muscles of his face were visible, his lips, eyelids, and mouth were quivering so violently that I scarcely believed it would be possible to get an impression of them. He has a beautiful face for a scholar—clear, well-cut, finished features, expressive of great purity of thought; and a forehead of noble amplitude, white and polished as marble. His hair is black and curling, (indicating, in most cases, Dr. Spurzheim remarked, activity of mind,) and forms a classical relief to his handsome temples. Altogether his head would look well in a picture; though his ordinary and ungraceful dress, and quick, bustling manner, rather destroy the effect of it in society.

De Potter is one of the noblest looking men I ever saw. He is quite bald, with a broad, ample, majestic head, the very model of dignity and intellect. De Spurzheim considers his head one of the most extraordinary he has met. *Firmness* is the great development of its organs. His tone and manner are calm and very impressive, and he looks made for great occasions—a man stamped with the superiority which others acknowledge when circumstances demand it. He employs himself in literary pursuits at Paris, and has just published a pamphlet on "the manner of conducting a revolution, so that no after-revolution shall be necessary." I have translated the title awkwardly, but that is the subject.

I have since heard Dr. Spurzheim lecture twice, and have been with him to a meeting of the "Anthropological society," (of which he is the president and De Potter the secretary,) where I witnessed the dissection of the human brain. It was a most interesting and satisfactory experiment, as an illustration of phrenology. David the sculptor, is a member of the society, and was present. He looks more like a soldier than an artist, however; wearing the cross of the legion of honor, with a military frock-coat, and an erect, stern, military carriage. Spurzheim lectures in a free, easy, unconstrained style, with occasionally a little humor, and draws his arguments from admitted facts only. Nothing could be more reasonable than his premises, and nothing more like an axiom than the results, as far as I have heard him. At any rate, true or false, his theory is one of extreme interest, and no time can be wasted in examining it—for it is the study of *man*; and, therefore, the most important of studies.

I have had several long conversations with Dr. Spurzheim about America, and have at last obtained his positive assurance that he would visit it. He gave me permission this morning to say, (what I am sure all lovers of knowledge will be pleased to hear,) that he should sail for New-York in the course of the ensuing summer, and pass a year or more in lecturing and traveling in the United States. He is a man to obtain the immediate confidence and respect of a people like ours, of the highest moral worth, and the most candid and open mind. I hope, my dear M. and F., that you will make our paper a vehicle for any information he may wish to convey to the public; and that you and all our friends will receive him with the warmth and respect due to his reputation and worth. If he arrive in August, as he anticipates, he proposes to pass a month or so at New-Haven, and then to proceed to Boston, to commence his tour at the North.

P. S.—As I shall leave Paris shortly, you may expect but one or two letters more from this metropolis. I shall, however, as I extend my travels, find a greater variety of materials for my future communications.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SKETCHES BY A BRIEFLESS LAWYER.

TRIAL BY JURY.

It is an undoubted truth, that no fallacy is half so inveterate as that which is stamped by age. You may argue with an individual about his most favorite hobby, and as a reward for your pains, you may almost convince him he is in error; but against a principle which has nothing but antiquity to recommend it, your reasoning is in vain. Like an old oak, which has spread its roots far and wide, your efforts to eradicate it are fruitless; and if you should succeed in tearing it from its parent earth, you still leave behind some portion of its concealed extremities ready to sprout once more into verdant and vigorous existence. The palpable sophism which Jeremy Bentham has so well exposed, that the institutions of former ages are venerable, because they are remote, presents an insurmountable obstacle to the profane intruder, and creates, (if my professional readers will pardon the simile,) a kind of statute of limitations against which no proof will avail. Shutting our eyes and ears to the experience which century upon century has furnished to us, we approach, with a veneration almost ludicrous, the structures, moral as well as others, of ages whose leading characteristics were barbarism and ignorance; and gravely reasoning that our ancestors were old, because they would have been so had they lived till now, shudder at the idea of innovation. Thus, for example, most of our rules of evidence respecting written instruments have been derived from ages when writing was but a rare accomplishment; and when, from the necessity of the case, they were involved in a cloud of what, to a refined modern, cannot appear in any other light than as the most egregious absurdities; and the sanctity with which a sealed instrument is invested, over one that is merely written, has no more substantial foundation than the fact, that from the ignorance of the age in which it originated, a seal was resorted to as a very convenient substitute for the signature of the party. Hence it is, also, that in judging of the difficult question of hand-writing, a witness is compelled to testify from vague and indistinct impressions, formed, perhaps, upon mere casual observation, while he is denied the right of comparing with an acknowledged hand-writing that which is the subject of dispute, and thus arriving at a clear and satisfactory result. It is, in short, to this mawkish veneration for antiquity that we are to ascribe so many of the institutions and rules with which our profession is invested, and in finding a reason for which the most acute and devoted lawyer is so frequently at fault; and it is for a pertinacious adherence to fancies, such as these, that the science of the law so often assumes a character purely technical, instead of appearing to be, as in the main it is, the very essence and perfection of human reason.

These ideas have often occurred to me, and I have never felt their force more strongly than when viewed in connection with trial by jury. There is no branch of the administration of justice which has been more universally cried up; and I hazard little in the assertion, that there is none so undeservedly popular. Notwithstanding it has been blazoned as the "palladium of our rights," "the safe-guard of our lives and liberties," and a thousand other such unmeaning rhapsodies, I have always considered it, and, for any thing I can now foresee, ever shall continue to regard it as a kind of legalized lottery, in which the chances of right and wrong are about equally balanced; and, if I were to chose a definition of it, I should prefer, of all I have ever heard, that which describes a jury as "twelve prisoners in a box to try one at the bar."

Many in whose way the following remarks may fall, have possibly been in law. To such I would appeal, whether at the commencement of the campaign they have ever been able to form the remotest idea of what would be the result of the "judgment of their peers?" If they entered upon the strife with the consciousness of justice, has that consciousness emboldened their confidence in the ultimate success of their cause? If, with a full conviction that truth was against them, have they never been encouraged to put in for a chance by the proverbial uncertainty attending legal litigation? Who, however upright his cause, but has trembled before the perjury of witnesses, the ingenuity of counsel, and the ignorance, weakness, or prejudice of a jury? Who has ever been deterred from the pursuit of wrong, by the certainty that that wrong would recoil upon himself by the unerring judgment of a jury of his country? These inquiries may possibly to some indicate an unjustifiable want of confidence in the integrity or good sense of that portion of my fellow-citizens, upon whom the duty devolves of passing upon the rights of others in the capacity of jurymen. This by no means follows. I will grant them the ordinary intelligence and the greatest share of integrity, and the remark will hold equally true. What, after all, is this trial by jury? You have a controversy with your neighbor, about some question of right; you go to law; you each employ able and experienced lawyers: you come before a jury of twelve men, selected promiscuously from society; your witnesses contradict each other upon the facts; your counsel do the same upon the law; the court, with a few very general remarks, leave the facts to the jury, with alternative instructions upon the law; and they are then locked up in a room, without "meat, drink, fire, or candle," until they come to a unanimous conclusion on the complicated mass with which for hours, or perhaps days together, they have been bewildered. They remain out a few hours, wrangling about matters of which, perhaps, two-thirds of them understand nothing; and when, at length, the most hungry have resolved to give way to the rest, they come into the court with a verdict which astonishes even the party in whose favor it is given. Is there a man on earth who would be willing to say that, even upon a fair average, a system such as this can result in justice? Do we not constantly see the ablest judges perplexed in the extreme in deciding upon matters such as are every day thrown upon the helter-skelter opinions of twelve inexperienced laymen? Look at our highest courts, in almost every important case, deciding not as the result of their unanimous opinion, but of an almost equal division among them. Look at the conflicting views which all men will necessarily take of disputed cases, and contrast these with the ease with which the law cuts the gordian knot in the case of trial by jury, by starving them into what is called, as if in mockery, "*unanimity*."

Thousands of anecdotes might be presented, tending to illustrate the unanimity of juries, and the manner in which it is brought

about. I am induced to select the following, however, to which I am persuaded the experience of such of my readers as have been unfortunate enough to be in the situation of jurors, will furnish many a parallel.

The first was a horse cause, recently tried in the north of England:

"The case was a clear one in favor of the plaintiff; but the jury, after having been locked up all night, and to a late hour on the day following, gave, to the astonishment of every body, except those in the secret, a verdict for the defendant. The circumstance was a good deal talked of at the time, and it appeared from the statements made in conversation by some of the jurors, that the result had been produced in the following manner. When the jury had retired to their room, it was immediately ascertained that eleven were for the plaintiff and one for the defendant. All manner of arguments were addressed to the understanding and conscience of the solitary dissentient, but utterly in vain. Like Major Bellenden in Old Mortality, he protested that sooner than abandon his position, he would eat up his boots; and, showing a pocket-full of horse beans, he declared that he was provisioned for two or three days. The night came, but he remained inexorable.

"'Supperless th' eleven sate,'

while *the* juryman settled himself in a corner, munched away at his horse beans, and looked out with infinite philosophy upon the turmoil around him. The morning, the noon, and the evening drew on; the patience and strength of the eleven were exhausted, but the horse beans were not; and at length the twelve made their appearance in court with a verdict which every man among them knew to be a false one."

The next case was an action of libel, and the following proceedings of the jury in deliberating upon their verdict are taken from the London Times:

"Immediately after the jury were shut up in the Bail Court, the tendency of the alleged libel was warmly discussed. The special jurymen used great abundance of language, if not of argument, for the purpose of convincing Mr. Sawyer, that it was a false, malicious, and injurious publication. That gentleman manfully defended his opinion against all their objections; alleging, that he thought the remarks made upon Mr. Bodkin's conduct to be such as the occasion required, and such as he himself should have written, had he possessed the necessary talent. Several speeches were made upon the subject, which produced no effect except it were that of making the speakers more obstinately attached to the side they advocated. A Mr. Cooke, who was a talesman, was a silent, but not an ineffectual assistant to Mr. Sawyer, in the vast fire of words which his brother jurymen opened upon him. He agreed with Mr. Sawyer, that the paragraphs complained of, formed no libel; and declared that he could not consent to give a verdict which should declare them to be such. The libel was in consequence read over, paragraph by paragraph, several gentlemen commenting upon it as they went along. Still the two jurymen remained unconvinced. Under these circumstances the jury came into court about seven o'clock, and the conversation then took place between Mr. Justice Littledale and Mr. Sawyer, which was reported in our paper of Saturday. The result of it was, that Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Cooke, in consequence of the doctrine laid down by Mr. Justice Littledale respecting constructive malice, gave up their intention of finding a verdict for the defendant, and agreed to join their brethren in a verdict for the plaintiff. They then left the box to consider of the damages which they should give the plaintiff for his loss of character. A question then arose as to damages. The two jurors who had reluctantly consented to find a verdict for the plaintiff, said that nothing should induce them to give more than nominal damages; and not knowing that in an action for a libel, a farthing's damages will carry costs, if the judge does not certify, declared their intention of submitting to starvation before they gave Mr. Bodkin more than the costs of his suit. This declaration was not likely to excite much satisfaction in the minds of any of the jurors, and some of the special jurors, we are informed, evinced great displeasure at it. Their usual hour of dinner had arrived, and the sherry and sandwiches which Mr. Justice Littledale had permitted to be sent in to Mr. Robertson and Mr. Horton, on account of their advanced age, tending only to excite the appetite of their brother jurors, Mr. Godsall, who, we understand, was engaged to dine with his father-in-law, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, seemed particularly to regret the loss of his dinner. About half past eight o'clock several jurymen wrote to their families stating that they must not expect them that night; and their notes were dispatched by the officer of the court. As it had now become evident to both parties that they could not convince the other, *the matter ceased to be one of argument, and became one of starvation*. At this stage of the proceeding, the jurors formed themselves into detached groups, and amused themselves as they could in their dark, hungry, and desolate situation. It was a Vauxhall night; and one of the jury attempted to console his fellows by reminding them that, at twelve o'clock at night, they would have the fire-works at Vauxhall to enlighten their darkness. Twelve o'clock came, but the fire-works though they were heard, were not seen, for the towers of the Abby intervened, and interrupted the line of vision. Mr. Godsall, at this hour of the night, was rather obstreperous. He stamped about the room in a great passion, and committed other extravagancies. Mr. Sawyer, having heard all that could be said against him, and having said all that he could say in his own behalf, now prepared himself for sleep, by taking off his coat, rolling it up, and placing it as a pillow upon some chairs, which he had put together to serve him as a bed. His brother jurors expressed dissatisfaction at this proceeding, and urged many objections to his novel mode of discharging the duties of a juryman. After giving them such answer as he thought proper, and recommending his seconder, Mr. Cooke, to follow his example, on the ground that sleep was the best antidote against the evils of fasting, he proceeded to carry his own advice into execution as rapidly and comfortably as he could under existing circumstances. This was the gentleman who was described in our paper of Saturday as seen lying upon some chairs at one of the periods when the room was opened by the officer to attend to the complaints of the jury. Daylight at last dawned upon these unhappy jurors, but brought with it little relief to their misery. At half past five, Mr. Sawyer, who had been able to sleep soundly, awoke, and told his brothers in thraldom that he was as much refreshed by his sleep as if he had taken a meal. This was not a very delightful annunciation to those gentlemen who were suffering under the want of sleep and the want of sustenance. To Mr. Godsall it proved particularly exasperating; he exhibited symptoms of temporary insanity; he jumped upon a bench, and threatened destruction to Mr. Sawyer, for detaining him from his family, by his obstinate opposition. He then seized his cane, which was of considerable thickness, and struck it so forcibly upon the judge's seat as to make several indentations, and did not cease from this violence till he had broken it completely into shivers. He then began to rail with great vehemence against Mr. Sawyer, who had the good sense not to make any answer to his ravings. This appeared to offend him still more: he cried out, 'I shall go mad, I shall go mad, he—he' (pointing to Mr. Sawyer,) 'is cutting my throat with a feather.' He then made a spring at that gentleman, and would certainly have done him some injury, had he not been prevented by the strong arms of those that surrounded him. It has been stated, that he then endeavored to tear up a bench as a weapon, and that he broke a window in endeavoring to escape; but we have reason to believe that there is no truth in either of these statements. He sunk, at last, into a silent melancholy, and was for some time quiet from complete exhaustion.

"Very early in the morning, the question had been narrowed to this point—whether the verdict should be a farthing or forty shillings. Mr. Sawyer was obliged to consort with his silent but effective seconder, Mr. Cooke. Whenever he approached any of the groups into which the other jurors had formed themselves, they fled from him as from a pestilence. The consequence was, that he was flung upon his own resources for amusement, and at seven o'clock was seen seated at the window, gazing very placidly on the passengers in the street. Poor Mr. Godsall could not, however, conduct himself thus quietly; he attempted to force himself out of court, but was unsuccessful, in spite of all his protestations that parties within were driving him to madness."

These are cases to which the parallels are by no means few. To starve a jury into a verdict has become a proverb; and in the administration of justice, as far as this branch of it is concerned, at least, it may be safely asserted that the result depends almost as much upon the constitutions of the jurors as upon the justice of the case upon which they are called to pass.

The length to which these remarks have already extended admonishes me to close; I cannot, however, do so without adverting to one benefit, and I may almost say the only one, resulting from trial by jury. I allude to criminal cases. In such my observation and experience have, I confess, satisfied me that it is an institution of inestimable value. It is undoubtedly just, as well as humane, that where the life or liberty of the citizen is involved, it should be protected by some power as far removed as possible from the reach of technical distinctions; and that the benefit of the generous doubt which the law always interposes in behalf of every prisoner should be administered to him by men whose sensibilities have never been deadened by a familiarity with the details of crime. So far as this is concerned, our feelings and our judgments unite in awarding to every accused the privilege of a trial by his peers. But when we view it as the arbiter upon mere personal rights, turning as they often do upon questions of the most difficult construction, its most devoted admirers cannot but yield at least a doubt of its utility. No man need be told that in the administration of justice every thing depends upon its certainty and uniformity; and, where we find any of its branches calculated to defeat this object, disposing of questions of right through whim, caprice, obstinacy, or ignorance; establishing no precedent; but, on the contrary, tending to set every thing like precedent at defiance, can we hesitate a moment in ascribing to this cause all the uncertainty with which the law has been so universally upbraided?

I do not make these remarks at random; a long course of observation, coupled with at least some experience, has strengthened my conviction of their truth. If it were necessary to go further, I might confidently appeal to the experience of the profession at large, whether they do not regard trial by jury as the most uncertain of all modes of legal proceeding. I might appeal to suitors, whether they have not often shrunk from the doubt in which their rights are involved when centred in a jury-box; and I might even appeal to jurors themselves, whether their own experience has not impaired their confidence in the excellence of this system. An old and intelligent friend of mine, who is well known in our courts as a most conscientious and experienced juror, has often assured me, that he never entered a jury-box without feelings of the most painful character. "Not," said he, "that I doubt either my own integrity or capacity to decide; for with an ordinary share of both, I should have no cause for alarm. But I am placed there under the sanction of an oath, which in its terms, it is true, calls upon me to render a true verdict according to the evidence, but in its effect requires me either to yield my own judgment to the obstinacy of others, or submit to the accumulated horrors of hunger and imprisonment." This is the dilemma in which, in nine cases out of ten, a juror is placed. Who can wonder, then, that to escape from it, he is often compelled to bend the dictates of his conscience to less worthy considerations; or that he should frequently consent to throw upon chance the rights, the liberty, perhaps the life, of a fellow-being?

G.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

He who gives unto the poor,
Does only lend to swell his store.

He who once proves himself a knave,
Does seldom change this side the grave.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A GENIUS.

"So reeking mists do shade the golden sun,
So is the glowing eye bedimmed with tears;
So love is checked before the goal is won,
And so o'er purest lives, some reckless chance will run."

That expression of a certain great poet, "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," may be all very true, in regard to what he calls the "common mind," but it is a positive absurdity, when applied to the growth and culture of a genius. My own manhood is sufficient proof of this; for of a verity, if my maturity was inclined into that variety of twists, that "the twig" my childhood received, I should be at this time a most intolerably *crooked stick*; whereas, on the contrary, instead of those thousand and one propensities, in which my nonage indulged, and which, according to this maxim, would give promise of a changeful course of life, my disposition has become as intolerant of variety, as it would have been, had I never possessed those early peculiarities of genius.

In consequence of the exceeding merit of the "Lines on a deceased canary bird," mentioned in my last chapter, the interesting fact of the existence and name of their author, soon became known to all the spinsters in the village. As I was the only person in this community known actually to have written poetry, I soon became something of a lion. It is true that Doctor Quipes was suspected of having, in the exuberance of his passion for a certain damsel, once perpetrated some rhymes; but the fact was never positively proven: indeed, the only evidence against the doctor, was a couple of lines, supposed to be the beginning or end of an effusion, in praise of the divine charms of Miss Letitia Scriggins, the amiable object of his adorations. Mistress Scriggins was somewhat of a lean, and rather antiquated appearance, the delicate yellow of whose complexion, coupled with the ruby hue of a tolerably prominent nose, and enlivened by the oblique glances of two very terrible eyes, set the heart of the amorous doctor into such a state of palpitation, as gave me to suppose that the poetic spirit might for a moment have tittilated the fancy of the lover into the commission of the lines referred to. Miss Scriggins was unfortunately subject to a depression of mind; common, I believe, to antiquated maidens—a disease which has received the classical appellation of "the blues." It was during a violent attack of this complaint, that the inspiration of the doctor was supposed to have taken place. To show the deep feeling and the sympathetic soul of the poet, I have preserved the couplet to this time. It ran thus—

"Alas! how would this bosom swell so,
If death should take you off, Letitia!"

This being the only probable case of poetry that had ever excited the admiration of the *literati* of B———, I was of course an object of wonder, and was soon pressed on all hands for a copy of the verses; among others, the village apothecary, who was something of a dilettante and editor of *the* newspaper, (a periodical not exactly literary) called and urged the favor of a copy for publication. In less than a week "Lines on a deceased canary bird" appeared in tolerably legible print, on the first page of the Banner of Independence. On this proud day, and for some time after, I do not think I once condescended to direct my eyes upon any object under an angle of forty-five degrees; indeed, so high did I hold my head, that upon the very next sabbath I was made to feel the truth of the maxim which declares that "pride will have a fall." I was on my way to church, dressed in a very fashionable suit of yellow nankeens, and had nearly reached the house of worship—the doors of which were already filled with the congregation—when, thinking of nothing but myself, and the envy that I imagined I was creating in the hearts of all who saw me, I slipped plump into an old coal-pit, and suddenly found myself up to the chin in its black muddy contents!

"Oh world, thy slippery turns!"

I should certainly have been drowned in this filthy abyss, had it not been for the lucky appearance of Doctor Quipes, whose memory for this one act I shall ever respect. The learned gentleman was on his way to church, and had been behind me for some distance, admiring, no doubt, my very dignified strut, when this lamentable accident occurred. Seeing my plight, his first idea was, as he afterwards observed, that the earth had swallowed me in judgment for my pride; but, soon satisfying himself that this was not the case, he proceeded with what I then thought very easy liberation, to consider on the means of effecting my release from durance. How to accomplish this seemed with him a matter of question. The top of the pit was at least three feet from the surface of the water, in which I was thus unexpectedly immersed, and of course nearly that distance from my head, which was hardly above the surface; this made it impossible for the good doctor to reach me with his hands, even should he condescend to place his lengthy limbs in a horizontal position. There was no ladder handy, nor did any person appear disposed to assist the doctor in the work of liberation. He thought for a moment, a Yankee seldom thinks longer, and then divesting himself of his coat, he proceeded to put his ingenuity to the trial. He seated himself on the brink of the pit, with his feet over the water; then, with his hands stretched over his head, he took a fast grip upon a sapling that grew nigh; then, gently sliding off the brink, he let out his full length into the pit; his legs, of course, were immersed to the thigh; he soon bent them up, and turned in his knees against the side of the vault, making a sort of step, by leaping upon which I reached the edge of the pit, and by another spring from the good doctor's convenient knees, accomplished my liberation. Most forcibly was I reminded of this trite maxim,

"A friend in *kneed*, is a friend indeed."

My nankins were in a terrible plight, my coat was a very Joseph, by virtue of its divers colors, and my dignified feelings of self-satisfaction, considerably "below par." My appearance was such that I have been told some of the spectators actually *laughed!* My amiable deliverer having effected a safe lodgment on the dry sand, "wrapped me up" in a plaid cloak, and I rode home considerably chop-fallen. This mishap was doubly unfortunate, inasmuch as it not only damped the ardor of my poetic soul, but had likewise the regretted effect of depriving the world of some most exquisite sparkles from the exuberant fount of my imagination. Time, however, soothed my wounded pride, and I again favored the Banner of Independence with the outpourings of my muse, in the shape of "verses on a withered rose-bud;" a subject so perfectly original, and so delicately applicable to what was considered my "withered hopes," that my fame was thereby prodigiously increased. I was beset on all hands with albums, and polite requests; but I soon grew tired of these things. I considered within myself that I was born for greater deeds than poetizing for albums, or flourishing in one corner of the Banner of Independence. It might do very well for "moon-struck" young gentlemen, and that sort of genius, but something whispered me that it was immeasurably beneath the gifted soul, whose aspirations even then were for immortality. I decided on some great effort. I would do something that should make me known beyond the narrow precincts of B——; something that should give me a nich in the temple of fame. Not Julius Cæsar in the capitol, surrounded with the greatness and majesty of the world; not Alexander of Macedon, after his first conquest; nay, not even the glorious John Dryden, after penning an immortal dedication, felt that swelling consciousness of a spirit within that "passeth show," more vividly than at this conclusion, did I, Roley McPherson, the humble laureate of B——. The question whether this great effort should be a tragedy or an epic, now occupied all my thoughts, and was the pleasing subject of my dreams. For a week I gave it my serious, close, and undivided attention. I absented myself from all company, and avoided my most intimate friends. At one time, when I had nearly made up my mind, I arose from my bed in the middle of the night, with the intent of taking a stroll in the woods, thinking thereby to have that perfect seclusion so necessary to the great object of my thoughts. As the night, however, was rather cold, and something moist withal, I did not venture farther than the door; here I stood gazing upon the void and double-distilled darkness around me. Sadly and dismally the wind groaned through an avenue of chestnuts, that led from the house. There was no sound to break the deep and dreary moaning of the breeze, except ever and anon a heavy rain-drop, that fell pattering upon the leaves. As I looked upon the black vacancy around me, I thought it no unapt emblem of the future. That, too, was covered with an impenetrable obscurity; and, even as my eye sought to pierce the blackness before me, I found nothing beyond the fringes of the eyelid; even so in my endeavors to look into futurity was I baffled in the attempt. Here a most horrible yell, bursting like the crash of ruin upon my ear, dispersed my thick coming fancies, and some object, with the quickness of light, glided past me. I had but a glimpse; the figure was white, and from the celerity of its motions, left an impression upon my mind that it must be in a hurry. I did not pursue it, but waited in a sort of chilly perspiration of wonder, (not *fear,*) for the issue. Another moment and again a terrible crash, attended by a scream that pierced into my very soul, (and I had on a great-coat at the time,) came from the suspicious quarter. I seized an umbrella that stood in the hall, determined—not exactly to rush out into the midst of the *melée*—for that would have been presumption; but to place it across the door-way, as a barrier between me and the devil, or whatever evil spirit might take it into his head to enter. At this instant a second figure, of apparently a darker shade than the first, passed with the like speed, which gave me to think it was probably in pursuit of the other. I raised the umbrella, to fix it across the door-way; but, just at the moment, the white figure darted something quicker than a full-charged flash of lightning, bolt into my face! What I did at this awful moment I know not, neither have I the shadow of a recollection thereof. The next morning I was found lying against the door-post, my face very considerably scratched, and a white cat—the identical assassin of my poor canary—transfixed with the ferule of an umbrella, dead beside me!

I would make no comments on this catastrophe, I would not excite the tender sympathies of the sensitive, or draw salt tears adown the rough cheek of manhood—but the thought *has* crossed me since, in my daily business; it has haunted me in sleep; it has beset me in my hours of gaiety and sorrow—that the unfortunate animal whose mangled corse was that morning found at my side, the cat whose murderous propensities shortened the days of my canary, met her death at my hands! The thought is horrible—but the cat is dead. "Requies*cat* in pace."

THE SMALL POX.—Dr. Picton, of New-Orleans, recommends the exclusion of light as a means of preventing the pitting in small-pox. He states that, two years ago, a number of patients were admitted into the charity hospital at New-Orleans, laboring under the small-pox. The room was so constructed, that while air was freely admitted, the light was carefully excluded. Not a patient had a pit in any part of the body.

LONDON PRESS.—The number of new works, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, and periodicals, published in London last year, was eleven hundred.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1832.

☞ Agents, distant subscribers and others indebted to this establishment, will confer a favor by making an immediate settlement of their accounts.

Close of the volume.—We cannot close the present volume without respectfully offering our acknowledgments to correspondents, to our editorial brethren in all parts of the country, and to the public. Of the first, many have contributed their productions to this journal from motives of personal friendship, and many from a laudable wish to assist the work. Several, whose pens betray a ready power, are unknown to us; others, writing in the leisure intervals of professional life, feel a delicacy in publishing their names, although they cheerfully lend their aid. More than one individual, whose names would add much reputation to the paper, are thus in the habit of appearing in these pages *incognito.* To each and all of these our thanks are due, and we earnestly solicit a continuance of their favors. We wish to render this work a *melange,* from as many various writers as possible; and we feel assured, that there is about us sufficient literary talent to surprise as well as delight all readers, if properly called into operation.

To our editorial brethren we also owe much for their favors in noticing our labors. The kind encouragements received in this way, have been cheering evidences that amid their various other calls and the din and clash of political warfare, our claims upon our countrymen have not been overlooked. Lastly, to the public we have to offer our warmest thanks; to their indulgence and liberality we owe more than we can express. Our subscription list is ample, and is ever on the increase. It embraces names dear to science and fame; and letters are frequently received, filled with encouragement and proffers of assistance. Whatever may be the intrinsic excellence of any journal, it can never succeed unless it reposes confidence in a steady patronage. In this way, and when it feels that it is treading on firm ground, it develops its resources, and forms new plans of improvement. We wish this to be impressed on the minds of all readers. We have said the same thing before; and the promises then made have never been broken. We appeal to the last volume of the work itself, whether we have not added to its value, as means have been placed in our possession, by the regular increase of subscribers? This we shall continue to do. The progress of a literary periodical to excellence must be, especially in this country, slow, and for a long period uncertain. It must also depend as much on the faithful adherence of old subscribers and the addition of new, as upon the talent, industry, perseverance, and skill of its conductors and contributors. It has been justly said, that a man may discover patriotism as well in cherishing the literature and arts of his country as in defending its rights. We may, with equal propriety, add, that the best journal, without the efficient support of the public, is no better than the best general without the co-operation of his men. We earnestly trust, therefore, that the fickleness which has been charged upon our reading community will not be verified in relation to this work, thereby not only stripping us of the power to improve, but taking from us the harvest of past labors. We respectfully solicit the continued support of friends, and all their influence in extending our circulation, great as it already is. We have enlarged our expenditures in proportion to the increase of our income, and shall continue to do so. Our associate, Mr. Willis, is industriously occupied in collecting materials in various parts of France and Italy; and from his prolific pen we anticipate an abundance of interest and amusement. We are pleased to state, that his "first impressions" are popular even beyond our hope. They are copied and commented on very favorably by the most authentic journals. Arrangements have been effected with Mr. Cox, for occasional communications from Great Britain. This is our old and favorite correspondent C. The musical department has been put altogether on a new footing. It has been consigned to the direct and efficient superintendence of the distinguished amateur to whom the public are indebted for, among others, the valuable operas of the Caliph of Bagdad, Cinderella, and the White Lady. We can, therefore, promise our musical readers numerous choice *morceaux,* not to be obtained elsewhere this side the water, as well as the rare and sweet airs from new operas.

Every thing promised in the prospectus may be strictly depended on. We conclude these brief remarks by the following extract from it:

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted *to elevate the character of American periodical literature,* and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with ORIGINAL matter.

Besides the writings of the editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of NEARLY TWO HUNDRED NATIVE AUTHORS, which embraces *many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.*

In addition to our FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and contemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant the assertion that *there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription,* or which possesses more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidence that it is read and approved by *the most intelligent classes throughout the United States.*

ENGRAVINGS.—The EMBELLISHMENTS for the TENTH VOLUME will be of the most COSTLY and BEAUTIFUL kind, consisting of FULL SIZED SUPER-ROYAL QUARTO PLATES, *executed expressly for the work,* by the best artists. Besides the VIGNETTE, there will be FOUR SUPERB ENGRAVINGS issued during the year, which, if published separately, *would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror.* As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing volume will contain a popular piece of MUSIC, arranged *with accompaniments for the pianoforte, harp, guitar, &c.* At the expiration of the year, these form a VALUABLE COLLECTION OF THE MOST CHOICE AND RARE PIECES, which, although occupying little more than *one sixteenth* part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, *except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.*

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to critical notices of new publications; the arts and sciences; scientific intelligence; the fine arts—music, poetry, and painting; original tales and essays; first impressions of Europe; reminiscences of old times in New-York; the Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic; American scenery, biography, education and character; strictures on the drama, and other amusements; translations from the German, French and Spanish; occasional selections from late publications; record of passing events; original miscellany; anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc.; varieties, etc. etc.

In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive and interesting. By the above enumeration it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres,* and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

Important—but not pleasant.—We must respectfully protest against the course pursued by several individuals at the close of the last year. Before they sent in their notice of discontinuance, they received two or three impressions of the present volume, which were never returned; thereby breaking the files, rendering the sets incomplete, and greatly confusing our books. By sending in their names previously to the publication of the next number, they who mean to discontinue at this period, will, in some degree, mitigate the evil to us. Such as, neglecting this, may receive any superfluous numbers, will please return them as soon and as little injured as possible. This notice is not given merely for the worth of the individual copies thus deficient, (although the first one of the succeeding volume will contain one of the most valuable plates ever published in the work, and also a beautiful vignette title-page) but, during the past twelve months, new applications have been repeatedly made for the back numbers, and, finding them incomplete, the applicants have almost invariably deferred subscribing till the subsequent volume. All the entire sets of the past volume have been sold long since, and *every number which has been detained, as above mentioned, actually costs us a year's subscription.* This remonstrance is given from our extreme reluctance to hold such as casually receive the first number, answerable for an entire volume. We shall, however, certainly be compelled to do this where it is not immediately returned uninjured.

Achille Murat.—From a personal acquaintance with this amiable and accomplished foreigner, we can testify to his ability to produce a valuable work, and also his kind feelings towards this country. We recommend some of our friends among the publishers to re-print, forthwith, the small volume, entitled "A Moral and Political Sketch of the United States of North America," which he has recently issued in Paris. If we do not mistake greatly, it will present a striking contrast to the malignant and worthless works of other travelers, who have been disappointed in finding that they were as neglected here as at home.

A pleasant companion.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretentions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging; alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Exchange papers.—Notice was some time since given, that a curtailment of our list would be necessary at the close of the present volume; those, therefore, who do not receive our future numbers will please consider the exchange at an end. We sincerely regret the necessity of this step; but we really cannot afford to continue the list as it is at present. Those among our editorial brethren, to whose attentive kindness in publishing the prospectus, and extending towards us other acts of editorial courtesy, (thereby laying us under obligations which we cannot forget,) we are so greatly indebted, will of course receive the paper as usual.

☞ Subscribers can have their volumes handsomely bound, by sending the numbers to the office of publication.

☞ Correspondents must indulge us for a week or two.

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This volume is embellished with four beautiful engravings on steel, and one on copper; seven ornamental wood-cuts, and fifty pieces of popular music.

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